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# The Russian Conundrum



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## Chapter 1 by Adonai Enyiema

### Chapter 1

He was sprinting down the narrow corridor clutching the it like it was his own life. Andrei played football in college, so this was almost natural to him. Yet this time he held something much more valuable than pigskin. No matter what, he couldn't let them have it. He reached the end of the dark hallway and was greatly distressed to see that it split into two paths. "Oh God" he uttered, "Just my luck...". He thought back to how he used to flip coins to make decisions like this. It was probably luck that brought him this far in life. Alas, his luck had run out. He decided to go right, why he had no time no think about. Fortunately, after a couple of seconds he saw the doors to the emergency staircase. He made sure his grip on it was tight and ran faster than he ever had in his entire life through that door. It was no sooner that he had opened it a bullet tore a hole clean hole through his left shoulder. He felt the wound but the adrenaline had taken over. He practically flew up the stairs after switching it to his more dominant right hand. He reached the bottom and caught a glimpse of the outside world through the small window on the door. He breathed graciously and looked back down the staircase to see if the shooter had pursued him up to the roof. Surprisingly, he hadn't. "Hmmm..." he whispered, "Maybe lady luck isn't my enemy after all". Having spoken all too soon, he opened the door to find his younger brother Mikael looking him dead in the eyes with a Magnum .44 revolver pointed at his chest. "M-m-mikael", he exclaimed, "Drop the gun, please. Think of Mamka and Papka". His brother's gaze was cold, colder than the snowflakes that began piling on not only him, but his brother and the gun. He felt the cool wind breezing through his hair in the dawn of night. He took slow steps towards his brother but Mikael mimicked his steps away from him until he reached the edge of the

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was it even? Eventually, a man bearing the mark of the <insert name for a crime guild here> guild emerged from the door that led to the stairs and approached him and reached for it. His thoughts scattered and he made a split second decision. He was a running back but he had a decent arm. He whipped his arm back and chucked it over the ledge. Mikael tried to jump to reach it and Andrei took advantage of the opportunity. He tackled his brother over the ledge and they both plummeted down the side of the building. The thug on the roof stood there shocked not knowing what to do. Both brothers knowing what would happen next embrace each other and exchanged apologies and a short I love you before they eventually hit the ground with a sickening splat. They both died in complete bliss, knowing that they were forgiven and loved by the other. Investigators found the mangled bodies of the brothers within the hour and scratched their heads for hours trying to figure out just what the hell happened.

## Chapter 2

Detective Marshall Clyde woke up at 4 am to his phone violently going off. He tried to remember why his head hurt so badly. Last night, there was a bar, three shots, a cheerful bartender and that's about it. Groggily, he picked up the phone and whispered a soft "Hello?". Ryan was on the other line, clearly not worried about whether Clyde had been sleeping or not. "Come to the front of the Renaissance Tower. Trust me, you're gonna love it". Even though Officer Ryan was the last person in the Dallas PD, he decided to throw some clothes on and trekked over to the destination. He wanted to drive, but it was a couple of blocks and he needed the exercise. On the way there he munched on a protein bar and almost threw it back up when he got there. He saw what seemed like two mangled bodies in a deathly bear hug, blood and bones everywhere. Somehow the brothers were ID'ed as brothers Andrei and Mikael Gorbachev.

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